

DISGRACED OFFICIAL FINDS REAL HUMANITY AMONG CONVICT PALS

San Quentin Prison, Cal., July 21.—"I had to go to the penitentiary and live among those the world has made outcasts, to gain a lasting faith in the essential goodness of humanity."

It was a strange admission to come from the lips of a man upon whom fortune had bestowed an irreproachable name and high social station and whom greed for "easy money" had



Henry P. Dalton.

dashed into the lowest depths of disgrace, garbing him in convict's stripes.

Seated in the prison office here, on the eve of liberation by parole after a three-year term for accepting a corporation's bribe, Henry Dalton, former county assessor of Alameda, Cal., was telling of his determination to beat back to a respected station in the world that had spurned him.

He has been, perforce, the companion of thieves, garroters and murderers behind these grim walls. He has rubbed elbows with "desperate" felons. And from these, he declares

he has learned deeper lessons of friendliness, tolerance, sympathy and fairness than the men and women of his former aloof social plane ever extended.

"Over here," said Dalton, "they call me 'Old Henry,' but I call myself the 'New Henry,' because I have unlearned so much; because I have ridged myself of so many false pre-conceptions regarding human nature.

"Poor fellows whose situation was a thousand-fold worse than mine tried in their rough, blundering way to give me a comforting word when I came in.

"When thus sustained by men whose lives have been filled with trouble practically from the cradle, I long to go out into the open shouting 'Humanity is good!'

"My observation here has been that the only difference between those confined in prisons and those on the outside is that the former are perhaps a little better, a little more liberal with their sympathy.

"When I arrived I thought these fellows, my future companions, were men stripped of their very souls; that they would have nothing to give me.

"But I found friendship among them, more reliable, more consoling and more steadfast than that of many of my former friends on the outside. That's about all a prisoner has to give anyway—friendship. And I got more of it here than anywhere else.

"I am going out a better man not because of the punishment of bars and bolts, but because of the sustaining comradeship of men the world calls outcasts.

"When I entered I was bitter. Faith in humanity was pretty low. Friends whom I needed sorely had dropped away. The law, looking only for evil in me, never for the good, had worked long hours in crushing me into the dust.

"In here it is different. These men,